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speed of movement. Jap patrols were often so close that scouts would bump into each other in the jungle. Skirmishing was almost continuous, and the Chindits killed more than 1000 Japs. But the enemy never caught up with them in force.

Frequently the Chindits covered 30 miles a day in a temperature of 105 in the shade. Wingate saw to it that not a moment was wasted. He forbade shaving because it would mean ten minutes' less sleep. He had a theory that sickness could be kept down by constant marching—and it is a fact that there was hardly a case of malaria.

At the head of each column trotted scouting dogs, trained to recognise the scent of the Japanese. The eight prongs of the expedition kept in constant touch with one another by radio, messenger dogs, carrier pigeons, and strange birdcalls. Elephants, ridden by little Burmese mahouts, plodded ahead with the mortars, Bren guns, folding boats, and wireless sets. Next came the horses and the men; then the mules. In the rear were oxen and bullocks drawing carts loaded with machine guns, tommy guns, grenades, rifles, and ammunition. Each column was a mile long. "Looks like Noah's Ark," said one Tommy as the weird assortment of animals clambered up the banks of a river. Strangely enough, the columns could not be heard 200 yards away, for the jungle deadens sound.

Supplied by Air

The Chindits had rubber-soled hockey shoes, Australian-type slouch hats, antimosquito veils, and machetes. Each man entered Burma with six days' paratroop rations on his back and thereafter was supplied from the air. All told, the expedition received 500,000 pounds of airborne supplies.

An R.A.F. flying officer marched with each column to select sites for dropping the supplies—rice fields, dried-up river beds, tracts of flattened elephant grass. Code messages notified the air base in Assam of the exact time and place for the next delivery. Smoke fires guided the aircraft in daytime, flares at night. The big planes would swoop as low as 150 feet to release their load of arms, ammunition, dynamite, and ration cans containing bully beef, biscuits, dates, raisins, tea, sugar, salt, and Vitamin C tablets. The only breakage was one bottle of rum.

The R.A.F. made a valiant attempt to give the columns any special items they requested—a life of Bernard Shaw, a bottle of Irish whisky for St. Patrick's Day, monocles, false teeth, and a kilt were odd items asked for and sent.

The base officer in charge of supplies was a Captain Lord. One day Wingate radioed: "Oh, Lord, send us bread!" and got the prompt reply: "The Lord hath heard thy prayer." A few hours later, 60 loaves — manna from heaven — were dropped.

A Chindit raiding party came upon the headquarters of a Jap unit, deserted except for servants busily preparing dinner. The Burmese obligingly waited on Wingate's men, who polished off every scrap of food in the camp.

One More River to Cross

The expedition penetrated within 120 miles of the Burma Road, then was

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